



Trump: The Awakening



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Chapter 1 by Christopher Kropp

It happened. The impossible has happened. On January 20th 2017 Donald J. Trump was sworn in as the president of the United States. His inauguration was interrupted as a cannon was heard and all across the country the forces of the newly formed T.C.C.F. Their uniforms were practically glowing as they hauled off and surrounded the citizens of the country, some instantly jumped up to help them, others tried to run and were shot down immediately. I never found out if the ceremony was complete, I was one of the "lucky" ones, I was camping and in a store waiting in the checkout line watching as the news showed the events in D.C. I knew that it would not be confined there and drove off into the woods setting up camp in a hidden location and found that there were pockets of others who had been fortunate enough to escape the T.C.C.F.

I was a trucker and they were using HAM radios to communicate. I was flipping through the channels hoping to get the slightest amount of information. Against all odds there were others in the exact same situation as me. A few of them had HAM radios and could communicate. They had split up just within range, but were limited to broadcasting to within a one mile radius, during the ideal conditions which mountains certainly weren't. One of the escapees was out on

a hunting trip and was able to look through the scope on his rifle into the valley below. The T.C.C.F. wore bright orange uniforms. I was painted similarly. I suggested that this was based off of the skin of the animal they did not find this amusing.

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One of our members was killed today. The T.C.C.F. spotted the glint from his rifle. They stormed up and all I heard was gunfire. He had ripped apart his HAM radio to make it appear like he was working on fixing it and that action saved all of our lives. That didn't stop the T.C.C.F. they lit the forest on fire. Before that though they had declared via megaphone "All rouge citizens report to the Trump Citizen Control Force immediately and you will be spared." If anything good came from this I learned what T.C.C.F. stood for, I had only seen it on their uniforms before.

I found out about the fire as I was going to sleep, I was just about to drift off when all of a sudden I saw something orange and flickering in the corner of my eye. Thinking that this was an uncontrolled fire I took what I could and ran. Trump had planned this all around the country even before his inauguration ceremony. At least one mountain visible from each city was to be burned with special chemicals in the ground controlling the flames and making them appear to be an image of Trump. This was lit to commemorate the invasion and subsequent capture of Canada. Trump ordered this to be done every anniversary of Canada's defeat.

When I returned seeing that it was in fact a controlled fire I knew that it was not safe to remain here. I notified the other "rouge citizens" of my decision, gathering up my meager belongings, I set out.

Chapter 3 by GrrungeGay



Three years have passed since I last set out. So many things have happened, so many twists, so many heartbreaking turns... I don't know where to begin. His scandal with Vladimir Putin, hot and steaming as it may be, but a scandalous endeavor. Or maybe the day he discovered hair gel ... the world hasn't been the same since. All of this so mundane to outsiders, so very corporate, but this is our world now. Fancy clothes, hate of China, fancy food, hate of anything different. But honestly the worst is that the T.C.C.F has taken the schools. The schools! Ingraining these terrible thoughts and ideals into such malleable minds, its practically criminal. So slowly I've been taking the children into our rouge schools. Teaching them the ways of our rouge fathers Bernie Sanders and Alexander Hamilton. So far much has been accomplished, and many have been saved. I am proud of my work so far, but much more still needs to be done. I hope this

coming election will turn for the better, but I still have my doubts.

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I must go now, the children are waiting for their next lesson. I will return soon.

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Chapter 4 by Connor



I can't bear to tell the neighborhood kids that trump will be making a visit. They will cry, but to no avail. Trump is upon us. Gunshots start and I know that I was too late. I scream "RUN!" to everyone and feel a sharp pain in my left thigh. It sears with agony, like someone is cutting open my flesh with broken glass. I fall and a few kids try to help me up, but I tell them to run. I know my fate now. Blackness shrouds the corners of my vision, and I welcome it. Then I remember... the HAM radio!! I have to destroy it before they find it! I, i, help m...

Chapter 5 by New Blue Clue



Beep Whoa, is this a recorder? Guys, come look at this! It seems really fragile. I wonder what that beep was....

Hey, this illegal archaeologist dig near our old rogue school was beneficial after all.

Everyone, I found something! It looks like one of those trucker radios!

Who do you think these belonged to?

We will find out. Now which button is the play button..

Guys, you better get inside! After Trump's world conquer, everyone moved into the US, and now there is no telling who will see you! After Trump's death, ending his 27 years in office, Pence took over and the PCCF could be here any time!

I think I found the play button!! Listen- **Beep**

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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